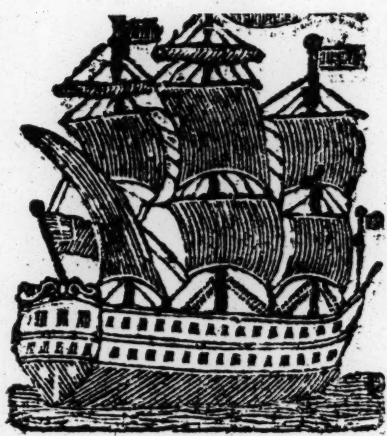




T H E

Faithful Sailor.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea,
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are Mary moor'd with thee;
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales,
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales;
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we find,
More fell than rocks or waves.
But such as grace the British fleet;
Are lovers, and not slaves;
No foes can ever us subdue,
Altho' we leave our hearts with you.

These are the cares, but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
Till we return again,
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls adieu.

